

BILLY BRASS:

A

POLITICAL HUDIBRASTIC.

*To check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us, 'tis Our Charter!*


OTWAY.

L O N D O N.

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MDCCLXXXV.



STILLY B R A S S

POLITICAL HINDRANCES

To read the growth of this country
from a small state to a great one

L O R D O N

PRINTED BY M. SMITH

And sold by the Booksellers in Westminster, Strand, Pall Mall, &c. &c.
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MDCCLXXV



BILLY BRASS, &c.

The ARGUMENT.

SIR Billy Brass, his *puffing* worth,
The manner how he fall'y'd forth :
His *pride* and *ignorance* are shown,
His *father's foibles* and his own.
Th' adventure of the CHARTER'D RIDDLE,
Is sung---nor breaks off in the middle.

WHEN late Prerogative grew high,
And men fell out, we all know why ;

Sir

Sir Billy Brafs, a youth of Gotham,
 Who *smuggled* on his father's bottom;
 Sneer'd proudly pert, "I fee a hit!
 " For I alone to rule am fit,
 "'Cause I was CHRISTEN'D BILLY PIT!"

5 }
 }

As the old serpent Eve did gull,
 So Billy Brafs did good John Bull;
 For John, tho' stor'd with much good fenfe,
 Is oft the dupe of impudence;
 Having an unsuspicious heart,
 He has been trick'd by Billy's art,
 Whose language flow'd so fine and fast,
 John was as wise at first as last;
 Yet those fine speeches, smooth as fatten,
 Pleas'd him like Boniface's Latin;
 He vow'd they all were wond'rous good,
 Tho' they're not all yet understood!

10

15

So

So fast they came!—plain John did stare, 20

As at fire-eater in a fair.

Then our young Solon and Lycurgus,

Of all our ailments doom'd to purge us;

Cried out to drooping old Britannia,

“ Ma'am, swallow my ipicuada ! 25

“ I'm the sage boy to give a glyster !

“ I'll cleanse you, *dexter et sinister* !

“ For I'm *intuitively* born,

“ With every art than can adorn ;

“ And all your former strength restore— 30

“ I'm *modest* !—else I'd say much more !”

Britannia ey'd Sir Billy Brads,

As DEVON's Duchefs would an afs ;

But John, her mate, who loves new faces

Too well, which causes her disgraces ; 35

Insisted that the boy was clever,

Because *he thought so—d--n his liver* !

Whene'er John bellows out an oath,
 He's fix'd as fate, and very wroth;
 Therefore Britannia did submit,
 To let John bring in Billy Pit.

Not so the ancient youth did meet,
 With such success in Grecian street;
 For, being stopt by the wise sage,
 When he was in politic rage,

Who ask'd him whether did he run?
 " To save the State !---or its undone !
 " 'Tis I must govern !---I must rule !"

The sage then smil'd, and ask'd the fool,
 " If that to govern you're design'd,

" No doubt, you've polish'd well your mind ?

" Are you well study'd in finance ?"

The silly youth now star'd askance.

The sage went on, " You know our stores,

" Our navy, army, strength and fores ?

" The

" The views and int'rest of our allies ?

" Who jars with us ? and all who tallies ?

" In war you're skill'd in raising force ;

" In peace you can increase resource ;

" You certainly know ev'ry stop, 60

" And ev'ry wheel, and ev'ry prop ;

" That can invig'rate, and make great,

" Our vast complex machine of state ?

" Your skill's not vague, but most minute ?

" You know 'twon't do, unless acute ?" 65

A pause ensu'd---the youth replied,

With modest coolness, look'd aside---

" I really never pass'd a thought,

" So nice on these things as I ought !

" All my ideas are a mass 70

" Unform'd! confus'd !"---like *Billy Brags!*

The sage advis'd him to return,

The youth obey'd, with shame did burn.

But

But Billy is of the *parrot* kind,
 With florid speech, and flimsy mind ; 75
 Well stor'd with proud impertinence,
 Which pass on fools for solid sense ;
 He long has trick'd, like signs of cits,
 With " *Billy Brags*, LATE *William Pit's* ;"
 And means to cheat us by a name, 80
 Out of our money, health, and fame.
 The vapid words at his tongue's top,
 Show-windows to his tinsel shop,
 Have all Great Britain taken in,
 To use the trash that sparks within : 85
 He wants deep knowledge, wants fine art,
 And, what is worse, he wants a heart !
 But sure he's done Great Britain good,
 By stirring up her settled blood ;
 And, to prevent serene stagnation, 90
 Promotes a copious circulation :

Opens

Opens with freedom her *right arm*,
 To foster Ireland's vain alarm !
 What matter tho' to her we give
 Most of the blood by which we live ? 95
 Sir Billy Brafs, knows *our disease*
 Is *too much health* !---he's giv'n us *teas*,
 Instead of roast beef and strong ale,
 To make us *delicate* and *pale* !
 Like all-ey'd Fame, we'd *too much light*, 100
 He's *made us blind*, t'improve our fight !
 And giv'n us a much *denser air*,
 To make us *languishingly* fair ;
 But should that fail to grim each chop
 Of florid check, he's tax'd our *soap* : 105
 And linen now shall rival lace,
 In colour like each saffron face.
 He vows we should not be more white
 Than Malagrida in twilight.
 He that, to give us a dog's ease, 110
 Would yield our foes whate'er they please !

Nocturnal work we must not handle; ---
 'Twill spoil our eyes---he's tax'd each *candle*.
 To clothe our fair in garments rough,
 He's tax'd their *linen* and *cotton stuff*. 115
 Their *ribbons*, *silk*, and British *gauze*,
 Which gains the ladies loud applause.
 As Malagrida's given our fur-trade
 To grateful Yankies, *bats* shan't be made,
 Without they're *stamp'd*, to cheapen pelt; --- 120
 Brass loves no poll-tax should be *felt*,
 To drive corruption from the state,
 He's laid a tax on *silver plate*.
 And, hating all friends of Peg---asus,
 For he's not fond of horse but *asses*, 125
 He's *tax'd* Job's creature, cloth'd with thunder,
 Who'd spoken, but for Nature's blunder.
 But what is speech? An ass once chatted,
 And has not Billy Br---Ass, too, prated?
 But horses have a greater mind, 130
 They bear the burdens of mankind;

Britannia,

Britannia, pillion'd or astraddle,
 Must pay for beast that bears her saddle.
 We do not mean her good Vicegerent,
 For he's a worthy paid inherent; 135
 He means well, but he wants the way
 To keep her running oft astray.
 He'll cherish any *knaves* that venture,
 With *lantern dark*, like John the Painter,
 T'inflame his good and solid brain 140
 With bugbears, for the hope of gain :
 And Bill Brads is, 'cause not a lew'd buck,
His Jenkinson's own real Goodluck !
 Who strives to purge Britannia's isle,
 To pristine clay, from *brick* and *tile*. 145
 T'encourage bow and arrow's fun,
 He's tax'd the modern murd'ring *gun* :
 He'll bring us to each ancient manner,
 When Briton's fought 'gainst Cæsar's banner ;
 When they went naked, cold and painted, 150
 For which posterity them fainted ;

And

And thus to please the present age,
 Prevent their envy, and their rage,
 Bill Brads will shave us smooth's a razor,
 From food, house, clothes, like Neb'chadnezzar, 155
 Who went so naked chewing grass,
 His maids of honour saw his a---.
 Altho' this fact may be disputed,
 It cannot now be well confuted,
 But by the bishops and their wives, 160
 Or all that lead such godly lives.
 Oh, had our modern maids been there,
 Blushing thro' fans, how they'd all stare!
 Had he hoof'd the park, these vestal dames,
 Peeping from sanctify'd St. James, 165
 Would all have fainted in the ring,
 And vow'd he was a beastly king,
 Naked and rough as January,
 Like Ch---dley's *Plenipotentiary*!
 But sigh'd in secret for the rogue! 170
 As they rail'd at Colman's epilogue,

Because

Because too delicate and chaste,
For lewd depravity to taste.

Sir Billy Brafs return'd from Cam,
With the meek wisdom of a lamb : 175

Not liking Lincoln's Inn fhort commons,
Unskill'd in any thing of womans ;

This Epicene, a spaniel thorough,
Fawn'd to mean L---le for a borough :

But then, to filch a reputation, 180

He damn'd all boroughs in the nation !

And afterwardss when North resign'd,

To the pure Marquis not inclin'd,

Brafs shew'd his youthful cloven hoof,

By keeping from fuch worth aloof ; 185

And that the Treas'ry he might storm,

This calf bawl'd loud for a reform :

Still some of John Bull's real friends,

Whose wisdom saw man's deepeft ends,

Fearing this tinfel, tiny wit, 190

Might prove in time John's fell *death's* Pir,

D

Warn'd

Warn'd him 'gainst Billy Brads---in vain !
 Tho' he oppos'd the Marquis' reign.
 As Shakespeare says, whoe'er times tide,
 Is sure in affluence to ride ; 195
 So Bill, by truckling to the voice
 Of Folly's whim, and Fashion's choice,
 Perch'd on the shoulders of the people,
 Like a Jack-daw on Paul's vast steeple.

When Rockingham's true patriot soul, 200
 Went to its ever-blessed goal,
 Fair Malagrida, just and wise,
Tho' no man e'er could trust him twice,
 Posted to Windsor, filch'd his place,
 And gave to *treachery a grace* ! 205
 (But of these matters more anon :)
 As minds by sympathy are won,
 Sir Billy Brads of foul congenial,
 Clung to this best---or *worst*---state menial;

And

And both to war soon put an end, 210

By sacrificing ev'ry friend !---

This reciprocity so wide !

So wise, so good !---*on t'other side !---*

Was never granted to a state,

Unless by Billy Brafs of late, 215

Who offers unto Ireland, *all*

Our trade---to save us from downfall !

But Malagrida having giv'n,

That peace, *by which his friends have thriv'n,*

With *humble honours* then retir'd, 220

While Billy Brafs his place desir'd.

Then T-----w *black*, like *fairer devil*,

Tempting this Saviour to do evil,

Took him on top of mount St. Stephen's,

And shew'd him all the under heav'ns ! 225

The golden Treas'ry ! sweet St. James !

And all the riches round the Thames !

Says

Says T-----w, " These I'll give to thee!
 If you will Old Britannia free
 Of ev'ry drefs that's gay and great, 230
 And change her to her pristine state!"
 Then Billy Brafs, for forty days,
 Stood on this glorious, giddy maze,
 With childish rapture! but came down
 By force, not choice, which fav'd the crown! 235
 Th' imperial crown of our falvation,
 The rights and freedom of the nation!
 Oh, had our worthies ftill been ruling,
 He fhould not now have thus been fooling!---
 Moft injudicious taxes laid! 240
 And then, to help them to be paid,
 Bill Brafs would *give away our trade!*
 And what's the magic of a name,
 That we fhould yield our wealth and fame
 To

To this proud, ign'rant, puppy dog, 245
 Because his Sire was a fly 'rogue;
 But had some reputation gain'd
 For fawning, growling, when enchain'd?
 Fawning, his fellow curs did hate it,
 The master, when he growl'd, did fret it: 250
 Nay, once great G----e he did so shock,
He vow'd he'd lay his head on block;
And ne'er more Britain's sceptre wield,
E'er to Old Brass's terms he'd yield!
 But now this master of each dog, 255
 By Bill made pow'rful as King Log,
 Cries, "no such dogs so good as these are!
 "And great! *for both have been MY CÆSAR!*"
 Britannia's met with many bilks
 From his Sire Cheat'em, down to Wilks: 260
 Did not the former loudly bellow
 'Gainst German troops, like Patriot fellow;

That they brought ruin and disgrace !---
 Until his barking brought a place ?
 He bark'd, then, they must be supported, 265
 And German Princes feed and courted.
 As for his *puff'd* administration,
 Which *glorious ruin* gave our nation ;
 'Twas mostly's Predecessor's plot,
 And Chieftains spurr'd by Byng's fell shot, 270
 To do with spirit brave their duty,
 Who deck'd Britannia out a beauty ;
 But like frail beauties of the Strand,
 All show---no purse could she command.
 Indeed she handled well her fist ! 275
 And John Bull, stripp'd, thought himself blest !
 For John is fond to see her fight,
 For love !---or fame !---or wrong !---or right !
 'Tis all one to our own John Bull,
 So that she gets a belly full.

Old Brads, skill'd in tergiversation, 280

As he was in a fine oration,

Our Colonies he nobly cherish'd

To that rebellion, where they perish'd!

Living a state, but lost as friends, 285

For Old Bill's own sly crafty ends.

While swearing those deserv'd the axe

Who'er America durst tax;

And show'ring ills of gout and cramp

On them who'd force a single stamp, 290

He vow'd, e'er one made her a hob-nail,

Unless it went by British job-mail,

Oft vulgarly yclept a pacquet,---

And made at home, *he'd pawn his jacket :*

But e'er from us she'd dare to flirt, 295

To conquer her, *he'd sell his shirt!*

Thus breathing glaring contradiction,

Which is a Billy-Brastic fiction :

Tho'

Tho' some may praise her benefactor,
 The foe of tax and manufacture;
 For if a nail she durst not make,
 What tax from her could we e'er take?
 He'd prey upon her like a vulture!
 Allow her only agriculture!
 As Roman freemen, ancient knaves,
 Kept all their fellow-subjects slaves,
 So would old Billy Brads ne'er free
 America to Liberty.
 As for the shirtless bawling rout
 He made about her---*he was out!*
 And, to secure the K----in's clutches,
 Who does not know he'd come on crutches?
 Wrap goutless limbs in swaths of flannel,
 To melt the Peers or Commons pannel!

Thus Billy-Brads, known father's forte
 At shamming lameness, made a sport

Of Fox's *sprain'd* tendon Achilles,
 But not a sneer was seen but Billy's;
 Who fear'd and felt with perturbation,
Fox, the Achilles of the Nation! 320

By knowing he was stout as steel,
 Tho' vulnerable by the heel:
 That when he chose to take a nap,
 'Twas in his mother Thetis' lap,

Where he would dream of her fair isle, 325
 And ev'n in sleep, gain means to foil!

Then deep, dull D----as, fly did speak,
 " Be you his Paris!----I'll ne'er squeak!

" You know me well---I'll ne'er betray

" A minister who's got the sway!---- 330

" I am a second C---I W---y!----

" When that I see one tumbling down,

" Then I'll, for self, cling to the crown!

" You cannot blame me to speak bold,

" *I'm, like my country, bought and sold,* 335

G

" Where,

“ Who, to keep ever blithe and frisky,

“ I’ve tax’d her stills, to *cheapen whiskey* ;

“ And, to make all her *holy weavers*

“ Live on the wind, like true believers,

“ Who care not for the worldly crumbs, 340

“ I’ve tax’d their work, to cleanse their gums,

“ Before I fend them far from *heme*,

“ Praying for New Jerufalem !

“ A sect of *starv’d-gut-Grumbletonians* !

“ Ventriloquifted Caledonians.” 345

To keep *Britannia* queen o’th’ sea,

Brafs thrones her on *smouch* and *musty tea* ;

Inftead of feating her on wool,

On which fhe’s prov’d a weak dull fool.

Her *fhield’s* to be a *Chinefe tureen*, 350

The moft invuln’rable e’er was feen ;

Whereon, in many patchings, paftings,

From *fiction* drawn, the *Battle of Haftings*,

In

In *base relief*, by Major S----t,
The *Swifts* of India's *Despot*. 355

Then garnish'd round, like dace and tench,
The *brainless Bramins* of *that Bench*,
Lolling in conscious deep Divan!

So deep! it can't be plumm'd by man!
For fear their secrets they may squeak, 360

They'ven't brains to think! nor tongues to speak!
Her robe's to be an India shawl,

Dipp'd in D----as blood, and Th----w gall:
Like Neffus' garment red with gore,

Which the great Herc'les dying wore; 365
'Twill only kill, when she's untrue,

By striking sympathetic thro'!
'Stead of a Lion, a *dead sheep*,

At her feet, while she is fast asleep:
On *useless wool* she then may tread, 370

And lions are needfuls to be fed.
Her

Her heavy *Cap* be giv'n to W-v-l,
 To W--ks, or Sh--b--ne, or the Devil ;
 For they've all try'd to puke it full
 Of fiery froth, to swell her skull. 375

To keep Britannia free from vapour,
 She'll get some light, thin India paper,
 From Lead'n-hall kings, and lin'd with lead,
 From Preston's chests, to cool her head ;
 Full emblematic of her true state, 380
 As her *stone cap* o'er door of Newgate * ;

Which shews that *all are free without*,
 And of the *inside there's no doubt*.

Instead of *th' ever-green old laurel*,
 That *soil'd* her brow in ev'ry quarrel, 385

Her Sister, *Shilah*, Patrick's wife,
 Will crown her (for their mutual strife,

* The *Cap of Liberty* is over the Felon's front of Newgate !

And force both furiously to grapple !)
 With stems of best *potatoe apple*,
 Torn up from Shilah, by the sword, 390
 As *useless now* !---while th' *Olive O---d*,
 Who has the *skill of bringing peace*,
 By making *mutual int'rest cease* !
 Shall place Britannia high on fame,
 In blushing rage ! in burning shame ! 395
 For, as superior gains more honour,
 The less stiff pride she takes upon her,
 And to inferiors gives way ;---
 So, Billy-Brass, such mode t'obey,
 Shall first give Shilah *Britain's wants*, 400
 Then tell her, she *must yield his grants* !
 As *unconsulted*, but *deflow'r'd*,
 The more she's rais'd, when more she's low'r'd !
 And don't it shew a *Patriot bright*,
 To give up all that's not his right ? 405

As Britain's *food* he'll *not detain*,
 Her *body*, *sure*, he'll *give amain*?
 A *Reform*, then, *Shilah may not ask*,
 And *Billy-Brafs preserve his mask*!
 Her *canopy* be *India's Charter*, 410
 By which her *wealth*, *not fame* we barter!
 For while't exists, she'll be *o'ershaded*!
Her crimson'd fame unting'd! unfaded!
 And, if she don't enjoy great *wealth*,
 Be blest'd much more by *ruddy health*! 415
 For what is riches without *fame*?
 Like H---gs, but a horrid name!
 As for our *Magna Charta*, slain,
 Not on *Runnymede*, but *Stephen's plain*!
 By *India's Carta pessima*, 420
 Which soon shall poison *freedom*, *law*!
 And, like the *patent of a quack*,
 Shall throw *Britannia* on her back!

Force her to bleed at ev'ry pore !
 And mortify, not heal each fore ! 425
 These shall be fung in second part,
 Dissected ev'ry villain's heart !

What is a *Charter* to mankind,
 If it *don't free*, but *basely bind* ?
 A vile monopolizing patent, 430
 Impregnated with evils latent !
 Like our monopolies of old,
 When ev'ry trade was grasp'd by gold !
 For both in James and Charles's reign,
 Commerce, confin'd, toil'd then in vain ! 435
 Whene'er these Monarchs money wanted,
 To starve the poor, more patents granted !
 Not industry, but longest purse,
 And Combination, free trade's curse,
 Rul'd, by monopoly, the isle,--- 440
 While *Charter'd drones* did all beguile !

A Charter! If *that* Charter guarded
 Our Liberty! or Worth rewarded!
 If it secur'd the Constitution,
 Like John's Great Charter, from pollution! 445
 If ev'n the poorest Corporation,
 Or yet more poor Association,
 The Box-Club of the low mechanic,
 By it was freed from grasp tyrannic!
 Then curs'd be those that would destroy 450
 That pure palladium of our joy!
But what's the Charter of the East?
A Monopoly for Rapine's feast!
A Patent dire, 'to kill and rob!
 Britain's *disgrace*, and T---ple's *Job!* 455
 T---ple! *now fav'rite B--k--gham!*
 That name two Kings did almost damn!
 On one, vile Villiers *turn'd his back!*
 And 't'other drove 'yond life's last rack!

Then,

Then, sure, it is a title fit 460

For *Back-stairs* knave, or eke a wit?

THE INDIA CHARTER! *Blood's best Banner!*

Bellona's whip! Medea's manner!

'Tis a misnomer of a kydney

With T---my T---nsh---d, *titled---*SYDNEY! 465

It was the people's late dark error!

Then Slavery shone in Freedom's terror!

And now our hero, *Brassy-Billy,*

The *cat's-paw* of a *junto filly,*

Knowing ALL BRITAIN'S TRADE *can't be* 470

Grasp'd by the *India Company,*

The rest GIVES IRELAND!---Patriot thought!

And *all* our toil *reduc'd* to nought!

But more in future we'll sing truly;

Rouze all from *Land's End* to bleak *Thulé!* 475

F I N I S.

[2]

460

Then, sure, it is a right for
For back-slaps, knaves, or else a whip?
The Indian Charter! Blood's day Banner!
Belmont's whip! Mobs' manner!

462

It is a misnomer of a land
With T---my T---d, Mobs---d---
It was the people's late error!
Then slavery there in Freedom's terror!
And now our hero, Bristle-Bill!

470

The car-pans of a jinn's hill,
Knowing all Britain's trade can't be
Grapp'd by the India Company,
The rogues give Ireland!—Patriot thought!
And all our talk reduced to naught!

472

But more in future we'll sing truly;
Rouse all from London's land to black Thule!

H. I. N. I. S.

